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"The Flying 45th"

45th Co. 12th Rec. Bn.
162nd Depot Brigade
Camp Pike, Ark.

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"The Flying 45th"



45th Company
12th Receiving Battalion
162nd Depot Brigade



CAMP PIKE, ARK.

DEDICATION

To First Lieutenant OWEN RAY, Commanding Officer of "The Flying 45th,"—who has led the Company through its trials and tribulations, been patient with us through all of our mistakes and shortcomings, shared our joys and sorrows, furthered our interests at every opportunity and won a warm place in the hearts of all his men,—this book is dedicated.



OWEN RAY
First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry
Company Commander

I EXTEND an affectionate farewell to my officers, non-commissioned officers and men. The 4th Company will soon go out of existence forever. No battle-born banners, or battle-motivated banners will flutter in the closing scenes, but I don't say that to instillate that any of you are weak-kneed or woman's legs. You are red blooded men.

Let us not forget that there was once a time when the magnificent armies of England were whipped and driven until their commanders uttered in despair "Our backs are to the wall." Horrid France lay crushed and bleeding before the immense vengeance of the Prussian War God, that monstrous collection of oppression and brutality. It was the American army that turned the tide and saved the world for democracy and all that we hold dear. It has been the responsible and important work of organizations like ours to feed that army with trained and efficient replacement troops. You have not had opportunity to immortalize your names on the glorious fields of battle, but you have had your metal tested in a much harder, but far less exciting way, the grind of months after months of continuous commandment obedience.

Indeed, gallantry is the beauty of life, but the rarest legacy possible for a soldier is impart in positivity in years, the knowledge that the duties, not self-chosen, but by competent authority assigned to you, have been well and faithfully executed.

Wm. J. Huell
W. J. Huell
W. J. Huell

Commanding 4th Company, 12th Rec. Bn.
 10th Depot Brigade,
 Camp Pike, Ark.
 December 12th, 1918.



BERNARD J. HUELL
 First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry



BENJAMIN C. REED
Second Lieutenant U. S. Infantry



CENTRAL STAFF: 1. Serg. C. B. Smith, Editor-in-Chief;
2. Serg. E. J. Newquist, Post and Photographer; 3. Serg. E. J.
Tamm, Business Manager; 4. Serg. C. L. Fleming, Contributing
Editor; 5. Serg. H. H. Guard, Contributing Editor.

In view of the fact that all of the work done in connection with the writing and publishing of this little volume, was done in about ten days and during our "leisure hours," we feel sure that the reader will make due allowance for faulty composition and other errors which may occur.

THE EDITORS.

All Photos in this
Booklet by Shrader.

COMPANY HISTORY.

ALTHO THE SUBJECT of this narrative is less than seven months old, it has grown so rapidly and moved so easily since that it has been dubbed "The Flying 4th." According to the "Morning Report," the 4th Co., 12th Training Battalion, was born in Barracks 202, South Avenue, on June 15th, 1918, at 8 a. m., when it received from Canal Co. No. 24, 1st Lt. C. W. Mason, 2nd Lt. Wm. V. Evans and thirteen negro recruits, with Lieutenant Mason commanding. The next day recruits, with Lieutenant Mason commanding. The next day recruits, with Lieutenant T. M. Nedy, 3. McK. Mason, S. A. Vandervon, E. J. Hall and Henry F. Kohlmeier were attached to the company, and twelve of the thirteen recruits were transferred to the 12th Co., 4th Training Battalion, thus establishing, early in its life, the reputation the Company has gained for fast-moving and working.

Prior to June 15th, all officers and men connected with the Company were carried as "attached," but on the above named date, the privates were "assigned," and Lt. Mason was placed on Special Duty with the Company. On June 21st, fifty-four privates were assigned for duty from the 12th Infantry. Several of the men who have been with the organization since its inception and who have had much to do with its development, were carried as attached, until about June 25th, when they were assigned. Among these men we find the names of "Private Harold H. Gault," "Private Robert L. Glass," "Corporal Thomas B. Scott," and "Private Charles C. Fleming."

First Lieutenant Otten Ray, the present Company Commander, was assigned as commanding officer on July 10th, relieving Lieutenant Mason, who was placed on Detached Service with School of Fire at Camp Perry, Ohio. To Lieutenant Ray is due the credit for working out the filing and other systems which have been so beneficial in carrying on the extensive paper work of the Company. A natural-born leader, an untiring worker with much executive ability and determination, and always full of "pep," he has fired his men with enthusiasm, taught them to be punctual, alert and accurate and has won the admiration of everyone who knows him.

The following named officers have served with the company: 1st Lt. William V. Evans, 1st Lt. Charles W. Mason, 2nd Lt. Ernest N. Smith, 2nd Lt. Henry F. Kohlmeier, 1st Lt. Herbert J. Hall, 2nd Lt. Theodore B. Nedy, 2nd Lt. Mark A. Van Doren, 2nd Lt. Samuel McK. Mason, 2nd Lt. William V. Evans, 2nd Lt. James H. Wylie, 2nd Lt. Walter Stanley, 1st Lt. OGLES

DAY, 2nd Lt. Richard M. Eber, 2nd Lt. Harry C. Connors, 2nd Lt. Harold R. Walker, 2nd Lt. Richard B. Skilton, 2nd Lt. Sidney H. Maxwell, 2nd Lt. Benjamin C. Reed. The number of men who have been members of "The Flying 44th," since its organization, is 2978.

On July 1st, "Private R. H. Gassett" became Sergeant, and on Sept. 19th, he was promoted to 1st Sergeant of the 44th Co. Regarding his work, he said, recalling "When I took the position of First Sergeant, I found each a roster on which had never been before; there was not a chance in the world to tell the roll and be sure that every man was present who should be. Since that date until the present time, I have worked on this roster, hunting men and records, and, yesterday, I found the last man I had been in doubt about; and I believe that I can now account for every man now present with the organization, and for every one that has passed through, since I became First Sergeant." Our "Top" has been an efficient as well as a popular man and deserves special mention for the service he has rendered the organization.

The 20th Company, 7th Training Battalion transferred to the 44th Company, on August 19th, about 150 men. Included on the roster of this transfer are the names of E. A. Ellison, E. J. Duggan and C. H. Smith, who were soon placed on duty in the office, assigned to the Permanent Training Cadre of the 16th Depot Brigade and promoted to sergeants. Sergeant Ellison became Supply Sergeant, Sergeant Duggan was made Company Clerk and Sergeant Smith was placed in charge of Insurance and Allowances.

About Sept. 15th the name of our organization was changed from 44th Company, 12th Training Battalion to 44th Company, 11th Receiving Battalion.

At this time the Company was occupying barracks D 12, B 10, E 8 and E 15, on North Avenue. That is a splendid location and we were happily engaged in our work, with no thought of being molested, but were soon notified that we would have to vacate in favor of the Central Officers' Training School. The strength of the organization at this time was nearly 500, and it was quite a task for us to get everything in readiness, in a few hours' notice, to move to the "Male Barrs," at B Street and North Boulevard. This notice to "vacate" came during the "Flu" epidemic, and at a time when many of our men were not able to move, but these were temporarily left behind in our own "Baby Hospital," and the Company was soon estab-

lished in its new quarters and doing business, as usual. In due time, all of us had adapted ourselves to the new surroundings and were just beginning to like our new home when we were ordered to move into the "Tent Area" at Belmont. This order came on a cold, windy Sunday, but in a very short time we had packed our belongings and were on our way in the trucks. Hasting by this time gotten into the habit of moving, we were not much surprised when, a few days later, we were ordered to move back to the "Male Barrs Area." However, we were to take our beds with us. This was a weekly move, for a cold, driving rain annoyed us, and dampened our ardor, but, by night, we had folded our beds and folded away and it was a bedraggled company of men that went to their bunks that night, after the move had been completed, the beds erected, and the necessary arrangements made to "carry on." But in 24 hours we had electric lights and floors in our beds and were "at home" and at work.

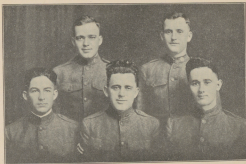
In October, Lieutenant Huff, who had been on Special Duty with Casual Company No. 37, returned to duty with the 44th Company, and, on November 11th, 2nd Lieutenant Benjamin C. Reed was assigned to the Company.

There came the news of the closing of the Academy. And in a few days some more news reached us—the news that we were to move again. But we had been transferring and discharging men so rapidly that our Company had been much reduced and the task of moving was not as great now, and then, too, it seemed easier, for we had become accustomed to it. This time we located in barracks 127, on Third Street near South Avenue. And it is here that we grew weaker and weaker—due to the transfer of most of our men to the Development Battalions, from which organizations they were later discharged—until an order came which actually ended our life, for we are ordered to transfer all of the men of our Company to the 12th Company, 11th Receiving Battalion, on December 19th, at which time the 44th Company, 11th Receiving Battalion will cease to exist.

Realizing our fate, and yet, not knowing what the future may bring to us, we are anxiously awaiting our discharge, glad of the opportunity we have had to do our "duty" sure of the fact that we will never forget the experience we have had in the Army, and ready to "About Face" for home.



Top Row (Left to Right)—Sergeant H. L. Olson, Sergeant C. B. Smith, Sergeant E. J. Duggan,
Sergeant C. C. Fleming.
Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Sergeant F. J. Newquist, Sergeant E. A. Ellison, Sergeant H. H.
Gunnell, Sergeant Thos. H. Smith.



Top Row (Left to Right)—Corporal Franklin B. Myers, Corporal Carl E. Thompson,
Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Corporal E. W. Duncan, Corporal H. W. Eskin, Corporal J. E. McGhee.

ROSTER

WILSON RAY, 1st Lt. U. S. Infantry, born January 3rd, 1898 at Newport, Ga. Present home address, 1014 1/2, Ga.

Reported, as a volunteer, to Gilman Training Camp at Ft. McPherson, Ga., June 11th, 1917. Reported to Second Officers' Training Camp at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., August 17th, 1917. Commissioned there as Second Lieutenant Infantry Reserve Corps, November 17th, 1917. Reported to Commanding General 87th Division National Army, Camp Pike, Ark., December 14th, 1917. Attached to Company "B" 147th Infantry until May 14, 1918. Then with Casual Detachment until June 17th, 1918. Organized and commanded 45th Company, 12th Training Battalion from June 17th, 1918, to July 2nd, 1918. Sent on Detached Service to Infantry School of Fire, Camp Perry, Ohio, from July 2nd, 1918, to August 3rd, 1918. Returned to Camp Pike, Ark., and took command of the 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion, August 14th, 1918. Promoted to First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry, September 16th, 1918. Re-assigned to 45th Company and remaining in command until the present writing.

Concerning the past history of our Company Commander, very little is known. He comes to us from Georgia, a land of cotton, "coons," dare-devil men, and charming ladies. From bits of information picked up here and there, his life, in the good old days before the war, appears as a melodramatic medley of moonlight glades, midnight parties in the twilight, spending on the Dixie Highway, and gay romances, in which we hear about the "Dark-eyed Beauties of the South."

Herbert Joseph Reed, First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry, born at Holly, Mich., business in civil life, Commissioned March 27, 1918. Entered the Service September 7th, 1917. Commissioned June 1918, 1918. Assigned to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion and placed on special duty with Casual Company No. 17. Returned to duty with the 45th Company in October, 1918. Appointed Mess Officer 12th Receiving Battalion. Nickname, "Ducky."—Many thanks for his "feed" on Thanksgiving Day—and other days.

Bonjamin C. Reed, Second Lieutenant U. S. Infantry, born at Raleigh, Ark., November 19th, 1891. Home address, Paris, Ark. Business in civil life, Official Court Reporter, Entered the Service July 7th, 1918. Assigned to Company "A" Development Battalion; to 2nd Company First Battalion I. C. O. T. S.; to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion. Commissioned November 9th, 1918.—"Judge Reed" will never be guilty of coward undermining an officer.

First Sergeant Harold H. Grant, born February 11th, 1892, at St. Louis, Mo. Home address, Benton, Ark., 428 Walnut Street. Business in civil life, Hardwood lumber buyer and importer. Inducted into the Service April 26th, 1918. Assigned to 12th Company 7th Training Battalion; attached to Company "K" 144th Infantry, 87th Division; attached to Casual Company No. 18; assigned to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion. Characteristic, "Don't give a care."—Has a strong line, makes numerous jokes, is fond of his "baby" and is the original "bank-father."

Sergeant Eugene J. Duggan, born July 11th, 1892, at Sioux City, Iowa. Home address, 1992 Douglas St., Sioux City, Iowa. Business in civil life, manufacturing farm equipment. Inducted into the Service July 14th, 1918. Assigned to Casual Company No. 19; transferred to 20th Company, 7th Training Battalion; transferred to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—Nicknames, "Big," "Advocate snappy commands. His jokes make the best jokes and ruddy that ever came into Camp Pike.

Sergeant C. E. Smith, born July 25th, 1897, at Monroe City, Mo. Home address, Rogers, Ark. Business in civil life, salesman, promoter and newspaper man. Inducted into the Service July 14th, 1918. Assigned to Casual Company No. 20; transferred to 20th Company, 7th Training Battalion; transferred to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—The insurance and alcohol man. "You ought to keep the whole 112,000,000." He has a story to illustrate every incident.

Sergeant Claude C. Fleming, born October 2th, 1893, at Pigeon Springs, Miss. Home address, Quitman, Miss. Business in civil life, partner of wholesale lumber manufacturing company. Inducted into the Service April 23rd, 1918. Assigned to 25th Company, 7th Training Battalion; attached to Supply Company 144th Infantry, 87th Division; attached to 20th Casual Company; assigned to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—"Al" looked for passes and photographs." Silent, but not asleep. Nickname, "Flem." Transferred to civil life December 19th, 1918.

Sergeant Edward A. Elison, born September 28th, 1897, at Cherokee, Iowa. Home address, Lawton, Okla. Business in civil life, farmer and stock breeder. Inducted into the Service July 14th, 1918. Assigned to 45th Casual Company; transferred to 20th Company, 7th Training Battalion; transferred

to 45th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—"Make look for cloth." Furnished the boys with lots of good oats from home.

Sergeant Edward J. Newquist, born March 27th, 1895, at East Union, Minn. Home address, Newton, Iowa. Business in civil life, time-keeper and clerk at manufacturing plant. Inducted into the Service July 21th, 1918. Assigned to Casual Company 88; transferred to 4th Company, 11th Training Battalion; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—"Earl Edkie." Known as the "machinist" man.

Sergeant Robert L. Glass, born May 12th, 1894, at Benton, Ark. Home address, Benton, Ark. Business in civil life, grocery salesman. Inducted into the Service April 24th, 1918. Assigned to 10th Company, 7th Training Battalion; attached to Company "K," 10th Infantry, 87th Division; attached to Casual Company No. 34; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—Nicknames "Hard-Boil."

Sergeant Thomas B. Scott, born May 12th, 1895, at Great Springs, Ill. Home address, Sikeston, Mo. Business in civil life, train dispatcher. Inducted into the Service December 1st, 1917. Assigned to Casual Company No. 28; transferred to 3rd Casual Company; transferred to 25th Company, 5th Training Battalion; transferred to 26th Company, 7th Training Battalion; transferred to 26th Casual Company; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—Strung with the girls.

Sergeant Lawrence E. Lane, born October 29th, 1895, at Marietta, Mo. Home address, Marietta, Mo. Business in civil life, farmer. Inducted into the Service October 2th, 1917. Assigned to Battery "E," 320th Field Artillery, 87th Division transferred to 4th Company, 11th Training Battalion; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion. Nicknames, "Baulf." Known here to do "polishing and detail" work.

Corporal Freddie B. Meyers, born March 10th, 1898, at Africa, Ohio. Home address, 414 Myrtle Avenue, Willard, Ohio. Business in civil life, machinist. Inducted into the Service October 1th, 1917. Assigned to 18th Company, 2nd Training Battalion, Camp Sherman, Ohio; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion, Camp Pike, Ark.—Wants to go home.

Corporal Carl E. Thompson, born October 12th, 1894, at Burren, Tenn. Home address, Sandline Avenue, Woodbine Station, Nashville, Tenn. Business in civil life, shoefactory engineer.

Inducted into the Service May 27th, 1918. Assigned to Company "L," 147th Infantry, 87th Division; transferred to Company "G," 2nd Training Regiment; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—He says the Army is a fine summer resort, but not so good in winter.

Corporal John E. McIntire, born August 30th, 1895, near Little Rock, Ark. Home address, Range 4, Little Rock, Ark. Business in civil life, bank clerk. Inducted into the Service September 2th, 1918. Assigned to Casual Company No. 39; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—"Mooey Mark."

Corporal Harry W. Yates, born October 14th, 1895, at Siloam Springs, Ark. Home address Siloam Springs, Ark. Business in civil life, salesman. Inducted into the Service September 12th, 1918. Assigned to Casual Company No. 32; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—"Boss Brimmer."

Corporal George W. Dawson, born November 2th, 1895, at Hotchkiss, Ark. Home address, Hotchkiss, Ark. Business in civil life, tailor. Inducted into the Service May 20th, 1918. Assigned to 10th Infantry Engineers; transferred to Company "E," 10th Infantry; transferred to Company "C," 149th Infantry; transferred to 4th Company, 12th Receiving Battalion.—Wears the "overcoat hat-cord" and is a great water-skipler.

Pvt. William A. Backers, 1809 Commerce St., Anniston, Ala.
Pvt. John W. Bogard, Harveyport, Ark.
Pvt. William H. Breeding, 1619 Proctor Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Pvt. Ralph C. Bremer, Toledo, Ohio.
Pvt. James W. Bridgeford, Sidney, Iowa.
Pvt. Dick Brown, Ansony, Ark.
Pvt. Edward E. Brown, Ansony, Ark.
Pvt. Raymond P. Brown, Lindsborg, Mich.
Pvt. Benjamin A. Cambren, Lithian, Mo.
Pvt. Stever N. Carter, Route 1, Lawrence, Okla.
Pvt. Graham Coffeyman, Union City, Tenn.
Pvt. Walter Coopers, Jonesboro, Ark.
Pvt. Hal Coons, 2222 5th Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
Pvt. Simon P. Corrie, Jacksonville, Ark.
Pvt. Marshall Cross, Capetown, Ark.
Pvt. Elmer Deering, Harveyport, Iowa.
Pvt. Mike S. Drop, 458 Throop St., Chicago, Ill.
Pvt. Chaslon Henry, Fair, Ark.
Pvt. Francis M. Evans, Sumner, Okla.
Pvt. Frank Everett, Route 1, East Lansing, Mich.

Pvt. James T. Ford, St. James, Ark.
 Pvt. Grant O. Geiger, Hamilton, N. D.
 Pvt. Rusty George, Waterloo, Iowa.
 Pvt. Steve Gluskiowicz, 314 Pearl St., Toledo, Ohio.
 Pvt. Jacob O. Granger, Piquette, Ark.
 Pvt. Joseph Halwan, 442 Westninth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Pvt. Herman A. Hansen, Carrollsville, Iowa.
 Pvt. Clyde B. Hankins, Safford, Ala.
 Pvt. Otto E. Hartwig, Alexander, Iowa.
 Pvt. John Heatherington, Kaskaskia, Mo.
 Pvt. Howard W. Heidenbaugh, Plymouth, Ohio.
 Sgt. Vernon C. Haggale, Oakgrove, Mo.
 Pvt. Carl J. Hansen, Dufferin, Iowa.
 Pvt. Frederick B. James, Earlton, Iowa.
 Pvt. Earl Jenkins, Bogalusa, La.
 Pvt. Albert Johnson, Charleston, Iowa.
 Pvt. Finley L. Kelly, Harrison, Ark.
 Pvt. Robert V. Kennedy, Macon, Miss.
 Pvt. Earl H. Knabe, Westpoint, Iowa.
 Pvt. Louis L. Kilbourne, Liberty, N. Y.
 Pvt. James L. King, Atlanta, Texas.
 Pvt. Clark W. Koon, Lansing, Mich.
 Pvt. Paul A. Koon, Woodward, Iowa.
 Pvt. Howard V. Lang, Marceline, Mo.
 Pvt. Omar Lauer, Jersey City, N. Y.
 Pvt. Carlisle Lawrence, Latonia, Ark.
 Pvt. Barker Lee, Center, Ala.
 Pvt. Charles F. Leuten, Shawsville, Miss.
 Pvt. Carl F. Leuke, Karlsruhe, Mo.
 Pvt. James B. Mayo, Maury City, Tenn.
 Pvt. Louis B. Mottram, Little Rock, Ark.
 Pvt. Archie L. McKinzie, Hays, Kans.
 Pvt. Robert Miska, Stratford, Wis.
 Pvt. Henry E. Meyers, Moline, Iowa.
 Pvt. Vol D. Mitchell, Charleston, Ark.
 Pvt. William Mize, Crescent, Ohio.
 Pvt. William Moore, Parkin, Ark.
 Pvt. Harvey L. Mounds, Heringway, Mo.
 Pvt. Shannon S. Mullins, Manila, Ark.
 Pvt. Frank Nichols, Eldersville, Miss.
 Pvt. Joe E. Parsons, Tylerboro, Miss.
 Pvt. Frank Pauland, Pecoschoto, Tenn.
 Pvt. Bruce Phillips, Flint, Mich.
 Pvt. Charles E. Pickens, Barnesville, Ohio.

Sgt. Joe J. Piggott, Butler, Mo.
 Pvt. Elmer C. Roney, Deaton, Iowa.
 Pvt. George L. Reid, Girard, Kan.
 Pvt. Fred Reuther, Herndon, Kan.
 Pvt. Ernest Reuther, Kansas City, Mo.
 Pvt. George W. Roberts, Findley, Ark.
 Pvt. David E. Robinson, Springfield, Mo.
 Pvt. Ernest Schmidt, Macon, Iowa.
 Pvt. Nathan Sellers, Bradford, Ohio.
 Pvt. Jesse Short, Vikonia, Ark.
 Pvt. Silas B. Smith, Corleyville, La.
 Pvt. William Snow, Franklin, Iowa.
 Pvt. James A. Spencer, Bady, Ark.
 Pvt. Benjamin C. Stier, Guthrie, Ohio.
 Pvt. Andrew Starks, Matthews, Ala.
 Pvt. Harry A. Taylor, Eagle Bend, Miss.
 Pvt. Ouida L. Tucker, Laurel, Miss.
 Pvt. Elmer Ward, Sallaw, Ohio.
 Pvt. Chas. Wesson, Cassville, Ark.
 Corp. Richard C. White, Smith, Mo.
 Pvt. Elmer Wiley, Blue Springs, Miss.
 Pvt. Bernard U. Willett, Paducah, Ky.
 Pvt. William B. Williams, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Pvt. Warner Wingard, Wilmarville, Ala.
 Pvt. Frank A. Wippler, Lankin, N. D.
 Pvt. Sam B. Young, Liverpool, La.
 Pvt. William Wright, St. Louis, Mo.



REMNANTS OF "THE STEEL REG." DECEMBER 7th, 1918.

"AND IT CAME TO PASS"

COMPANY ATTEN-SHUN!—Behold the ignominious offices of Attorney CRISTEN RAY, in New York's general skyscraper, the Belmont Building. After leaving the Army, war "Commanding Officer" began the practice of law and is now known throughout the country as one of the most successful criminal lawyers in the great metropolis. Going first to Atlanta, Ga., where he built up a splendid practice, he soon grew too large for the southern city, went to New York and came into his own as District Attorney, for which position he was especially qualified and which he easily secured. Having a thorough knowledge of law and the reputation of winning every case which he "tried," his numerous clients soon demanded that he make the race, and, as his "Mere" had furnished a healthy income, he was in position to lay aside his private practice and accept the place of honor above mentioned.

Although he has been nominated for Governor of New York, by the Suffragettes, he has refused to dabble in politics, desiring

to devote his time to his business and to his interesting family. His wife, the daughter of Senator — of South Carolina, and his daughter, Miss KATH, who is a graduate of Vassar College, are giving much time to Associated Charities and uplift work.

We predict for Attorney Ray a brilliant future, and, knowing him to be an able lawyer, a public idol and a strong executive, we shall expect him to win additional fame and ultimately become the President of the Great United States.

We're for you, Lieutenant, and you have our staunch best wishes for your success.

Henry Ford is not the only prominent man in Detroit, Mich., for Lieutenant RAY, former "Boss Officer" of the 13th Receiving Battalion, is at the head of the largest commission house in that city and has become famous for reducing the high cost of living by furnishing the necessaries of life at "five and ten live prices." He, like the "Tin Lizzie" manufacturer, shares his earnings with his employees, and, besides being President of the Ray Commission Company, director of several other busi-

ness enterprises and founder of the Michigan School for Cooks and Bakers, he is the "key" to the Republican political situation in his home State.

Having thus acquired considerable experience as a Jurist, through his work as Court Reporter, in civil life, and as Judge Advocate, in the Army, we are not surprised to learn that former Lieutenant Reed is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas. Knowing his reputation for fairness and square dealing, appreciating his personality, sunny disposition and gentlemanly conduct, we are sure that his tenure of office will be for life, if he so desires.

His association with us has made us better men and should we ever be convicted in the Courts of Arkansas, we will surely carry our case to the Supreme Court, under the jurisdiction of our friend, Judge Reed.

First Sergeant Grand will, of course, promptly return to his "lucky" at Benton, Arkansas, and at an early date the "wedding bells" will chime.

With his thorough knowledge of the lumber business he will, in a very short time, attract considerable attention to his rapid and sound financial success as head of the Lumber Trust. We suggest, however, that he refrain from matching half-dollars, in order to preserve his fortune.

His home, in Little Rock, is decorated with an ornament of unusual design and appearance. It is a model house, made especially for him, and is used for "black-fattening."

From deck of "The Flying 4th" to president of the Duggan Mfg. Co., of Chicago, is quite a step, but not such a long one when we take into consideration the ability, energy, and generosity of our old friend, Sgt. K. J. Duggan. After being honored as Honorable Discharge from the Army, he at once returned to Sioux City, Iowa, where he assumed the active management of the concern of which he is now president, and which grew by leaps and bounds, making it advisable to change the name of action to the "Windy City," where it is now one of the largest and best known institutions in that great manufacturing center.

Mr. Duggan is widely known for his generous gifts to his employees, and is held in high esteem by many persons whose lives he has blessed. He continues to be an inveterate smoker of Kelly cigars; believes in the theory of plenty of sleep, and assures us that the "lucky thing is hanging outside" at his home on Michigan Avenue, where his old friends and associates, who were his pals in the 4th Company, are welcome.

Sergeant Fleming, having a leaning towards finance, and with his unusual ambition and popularity, will, we are confident, be the next leading official in the Treasury Department of the United States, which office the Hon. W. J. McAdoo has recently resigned.

Of course he will continue to be "attached for poses and photographs."

Sergeant Smith has already contracted for a triumphal tour with President Wilson, immediately after he returns from the Peace Conference. The close affiliation which C. H. has with the "big game" of the Nation, assures him a wide acquaintance, and the knowledge he has gained by extended travel, together with the reputation he has made as a newspaper man, (this book being sufficient proof) assures us that he will go "over the top" in the Reconstruction Days to come.

Unconsciously, he will, of course, be talking insurance and allotments for some time, but will not find "prospects" as numerous "on the road" as they were in the Army.

Sergeant Ellison, prominent as a farmer and stockman, throughout the Northwest, will promptly return to his vast holdings in that section. We predict that he will, before long, stirle the world with his ideas for promoting various new breeds in livestock. His knowledge along these lines has been acquired by actual experiments and much study. However, he cannot be convinced that "time is nothing to a hog."

Sgt. Ellison retains a complete Service and Equipment Record of every animal on his farm and refuses to dispose of any stock until he first "makes look" for proper authority for transfer.

Sergeant Glass, small but "hard-boiled," will soon be back in the General Merchandise business at Benton, Arkansas, to which line he is especially adapted. He has already established a branch store at San Antonio, Texas, with the "Captain" in charge.

Woolworth has a reputation, but keep your eye on "Red."

Sergeant Newquist is the sole owner of a large manufacturing concern in the city of Newton, Iowa, the product of his establishment being a patent washing machine—"The Clean 'n' Quick"—which is great "yardstick" and is widely known as an article of merit. He got his idea for this machine from his experience in the Camp Bath House and Clothes Washing Room.

He plans moving his headquarters to Minneapolis after his

marriage, which will occur in the near future. He continues to sign his letters "Just Ekke."

Sergeant Scott has already been tendered his former position as directing head of the Missouri-Pacific. He has done much for the railroad world through his systematic ideas for signaling and dispatching. His home will be in Texas, as his interests there are quite heavy—(about 100 lbs.).

Sergeant Lane (alias newspaperer) will promptly resume the management of his ranch in Missouri, upon his return to civil life. A noticeable feature of his march is the fact that all things are kept in perfect order. Much attention being given to the "Polishing" and "Detail" work.

FAMILIAR EXPRESSIONS.

Sergeant, disband the Company
Make it Snappy
Sick, lame and lazy, FALL-IN
As you were
Ten-shun
It's a great life if you don't work-and
Sir
Shake a leg
The "Da"
Had a good home, but I left it
Shut-out
The Lord
Bank Private
About-face
Hard-boiled
K-S-K-Edy
Cent and front
When your name is called answer—HERE
Third squad, all present
Catch him draft
Get him behind
Close up there
Sergeant, get his name

Sample, sample, sample
All out for show
One, two, three, four
Do you know your general orders?
Lights out
K-I's get your places
When do we eat?
No sham, thank you
Where do we go from here?
Who wakes the bugler?
Prepare for inspection
Take off that hat!
Where is the bug, bug boy?
Where is the Supply Sergeant?
Hold up your head!
When do we go home?
The latest dope
Why, of course
Bank fat
Have you had your shot?
Who wants to know?
O-R-D-I-N-L-Y
To the rear
Is my pass signed?
Right Evers
Get this in the Morning Reporter
Can I be excused from Reveille?
Why, Hell No!
No remarks on march
Pass the rock-splid ahead.

ABSOLUTE WORDS IN 1918.

Revella.	Drill.	Bank.
Honors.	Bagels.	Belmont.
Corporal.	Back.	Governors.
Barracks.	Meas.	Legions.
Cadrease.	Kaiser.	Discharge.
Squad.	Detail.	Orderly.
Brogans.	Guardhouse.	Quartermaster.
Skirmishers.	Mailtail.	Authority.
Attention.	Buckle.	Headquarters.
Havocman.	Court-Martial.	Orders.
S. P.	Snappy.	Poss.
Latrine.	Drift.	Telly-Rears.
Oblique.	M. P.	Gravade.
Bayonet.	Farlough.	Halt.
Chow.	Adjutant.	Pile.
Battalion.	Demobilization.	Army Life.

"FRONT."

No, Min, when the French said, "They shall not pass," they were not shooting cups with the Boches.

The latest dance in Berlin: The Fock's Trot.

Sometimes "O. D." means "Officer of the Day," so, boys, be careful when you speak of "waiting out your O. D.'s."

"Clear Up! Your name of 'Orderly' or 'Private' will leave you sore—when you leave here. And—Barrack! The title of 'Corporal' and 'Sergeant' will also leave them who like to order us around.

THINGS THE WAR BROUGHT OUT.

Flat feet.	U-Boats.
Liberty Bonds.	Service Records.
Soldiering.	Stets and Scratches.
Strapped.	Sniffing.
Conscientious Objectors.	Saluting.
Peace with Germany.	Legions.
Whistles.	Passes.
Publicity for the Kaiser.	Gold Bars.
Thrift Stamps.	Revells.
Profiteering.	Free trips abroad.
Tea-Gir and No-Gir.	Cordons.
Tellow Struck.	Red Cross Nurses.
K-P's.	Huns.
Gas Masks.	A. W. O. L.
Appreciation of Home.	Camp Piles.

IN THE POST-WAR DAYS TO COME.

OUR SOLDIER has announced that he will present a whistle to his mother in order that he will get up promptly in the morning and be dressed in time for breakfast. While on the other hand, another stated he will prohibit martial law if any one has a whistle or gun in the house.

All ex-soldiers who may be apt to forget and say "Waiter, bring me some beer and eggs." No—AS YOU WERE—make it a drink.

In our sleep we may be evicting our general orders. Some wives will be smart and devise general orders for the household.

As our employees enter the office, we may, through force of habit, arise quickly and stand at attention.

Even ex-officers may become almost inhibited and say, "REST" upon seeing their friends.

We'll never forget to salute. We can't after the way it has been pounded into our craniums. Unconsciously, we will salute many people when we intend to merely say "Hello."

At our meals, we are apt to pick up our plates, glass, knife, fork and spoon and walk around the table for "seconds." By the way, many of us will have to learn how to use a knife and fork again.

Swelling with should be on the table for the first few weeks of civilian life, for we may faint upon seeing butter, cream, sugar, hot cakes and home made pie.

Spurred hunters may suddenly think of "Stand! Aim! Fire," and spoil their chances for getting the game, by unconsciously going through the positions. Perhaps many will see if their right arm is "horizontal" and "parallel" to the ground.

Instead of "Gid-dap," farmers of tomorrow may use, "Forward March" and "Halt" instead of "Whoo."

We may become extravagant upon receiving more than \$20 a month (less deductions).

The Articles of War will never be read (or listened to) again.

Spade, Beans, oatmeal, stewed peaches, peaches and-rubbing will not be popular dishes on our tables, nor eggs—any style (hard boiled). And we hope our eyesight won't be affected by the sight of table cloth.

We will do things by the cadence, even walking at the rate of 128 jerks a minute, always turning on the left foot. And we will tell our companions to get in step.

Our conversation will be seasoned with Army terms. We will call sight of anything "spade," our beds "bunks," stewed peaches "AWOL," and our meals "mess" (we'll call dinner mess only once, after will tell us to eat elsewhere if we don't like her mess).

We'll teach the kids to play, "ball in the ring," "hot strap," "snary ear," and many other games we have learned, and will be tempted to play with them.

"All out for show," we're apt to yell to call the folks to dinner. Through habit, we'll eat all the bread on our plate.

We may talk to our former officers without the usual "Sir." And THEN (not now) we may "mess" them to their face if we care to.

We will enter signing the payroll, asking for passes, details, furlingtons, counting off and inspection arms.

Perhaps we will make our employees count off and answer roll call every morning.

We'll learn to use a calendar once more, not at regular time and be able to sleep later, especially on Sunday morning.

Our sleeping "quarters" will be army style. We'll sleep "head to foot" as we do now.

Officers may play jokes on their men—and keep in practice—by having inspection every Saturday.

THE KENNE OF THE DEPOT BRIGADE.

Paw, were you a soldier in that big war years ago?
Did you have a gun and bayonet and stand up in a row,
And shoot a lot of Germans and never once afraid?
And—alas, my son, your daddy was in the Depot Brigade.

But Paw, you had a uniform and marched behind a band.
And wasn't you a hero like the others in the band?
I had a uniform my boy, at about like denim made,
Which constitutes a hero in the Depot Brigade.

Were you ever called "CAPTAIN" like Jimmie Jones' dad?
And honored with a title like so many of them had?
Yes, son, I had a title, though it was not my steady trade,
But they somewhere called me R-P in the Depot Brigade.

Well, Paw, you certainly went to France along with all the rest,
And got a cross and ribbon pinned across your breast?
I was decorated, Sonny, where the gravel roads were laid,
With the order of the shovel, in a Depot Brigade.

Now Paw, that seems so different from the things in every part,
About the clashing Yankee in the meters on the Marne.
Did you ever go at midnight, not to make a little raid?
No, Tom now, we'd hold the men hall, in the Depot Brigade.

Son, your father was a patriot, but he wanted it a less,
That they held him in the Brigade and he never got across.
But he hopes his humble service may have been some little aid
Though he only served as private in the old Depot Brigade.

BOOKS BEALING.

Far-day—The Monthly Mirage.

PAY DAY has the highest rate of expectation of any of the essential features of the army. Nothing in civil life compares with it in this regard. Counting and inspiration. It comes up for 20 or 25 days and is referred to in glacial future times. Quickly, then, it comes and goes. It has an acknowledged bearing on the life of the enlisted man, but the influence is altogether too fleeting.

On a close interpretation, "pay day is the great settling-up exercise. In every company there are a few who can leave their answers back over the blue-print direct to Skyhook, and they never overlook the pencilled entries on the blank pages of the pocket dictionary. These never fail to get their portion.

Pay day is almost as much of a ceremony as launching a ship. It gives the top sergeant one more chance to line up the company alphabetically, according to rank, and shows the back private how essential it is to court advances for advancement. The Captain and his aides gather in the mess room on this occasion and pile the grants on the blanket. A non-commissioned officer takes charge of the door. One man is allowed to enter at a time and when the door closes behind him he feels as if he were about to be initiated in some secret order. After he returns and gets \$1.87 out of the \$28.28 that he read about in the home-town paper before he joined the service, he is convinced that his branch was correct.

Soldiers in the guard house have no interest in pay day. The only value for them is illustrated by the court-martial. For the conscientious private who there is but the faintest semblance of regard. After he has allotted \$11.00, paid a bid on his Liberty Bond, assumed the maintenance of war risk insurance and has loaned \$1.00 to the post laundry fund, he doesn't have enough left to constitute an initiation. He is about ten cents lighter than a cork.

Pay days with the officers are said to be different from those of the colored men. A fairly well authenticated rumor has it that their figures of pay are slightly higher. For some officers it is a day of keen satisfaction, permitting a quiet, contented gleam as they compare the pile in hand with the amounts they used to look back to civil life in the barracks and the milk can. A private has no conception of the pay day of a Major or Colonel. To him the salaries of these make an overgrown Liberty Loan look like a mortgage on a crumbling farmhouse in a backwoods. It is often said in the Army that a non-com. at \$13.00 and found, is better off than a Lieut. who pays his own expenses and that there never has been a necessity for the Government to set aside a day for the trading of status. To a private there are no figures, except a few wild, chaotic hieroglyphics, part \$3.12.

"CHESTNUTS"—TOLD IN THE CAMP

"Halt, who goes there?" challenged a sentry about 1:00 a. m. "Officer of the Day," was the reply. "Well, if you are the Officer of the Day, what are you doing out in the night time?"

Around, making light with rookies as passenger, said, after making a "half spin." "Well, I guess the folks down there expected us to fall that time." "Yes, and fifty per cent of the people up here did, too," was the reply.

A negro on quarantine guard halted officer, who said: "I have business inside." "Can't let you off pass, Mister, I've even turned down two sergeants."

Rookie, new to the Army, asked officer for a matrix, and after receiving it, turned to leave, when the officer said: "Say, young fellow, don't you know how to salute a superior officer?" "No; I don't." "Well, you better learn right now. I am only a Colonel and don't mind, but some Second Lieutenant is liable to raise hell."

On a rainy night, a sentry on guard in a trench, hearing some one approaching, yelled: "Halt, who goes there?" answer, "Officer." "Advance, Officer; welcome to our 'Mish'."

A few soldiers in the Italy Lane wanted to go to the exact spot in the use of Bullier where Jesus walked on the water. A lieutenant offered to take him there for twenty-five cents. After rowing about a hundred yards, the lieutenant said: "Now, this is the spot where Jesus walked on the water." The few soldier said, after looking all around: "Well, well, let's go back." "It will cost you five dollars to go back," answered the lieutenant. "What, five dollars?" exclaimed the soldier. "Yes, that is correct," said the lieutenant. "Well, it's no damn wonder that Jesus walked on the water here."

A negro had just enlisted in the Cavalry and was taking his first lesson in riding. He was on a mule which began to pitch and buck and finally got one hind foot caught in the stirrup. The negro, seeing it, said: "Look here, mister mule, if you all gonna to get on, I've gotta to get off."

Captain, to rookie in squad that is being drilled: "Are you going to be a shabby soldier all your life?" The rookie: "No, Sir, I only enlisted for the duration of the war."

Two negro recruits were discussing the cavalry and infantry, and the one who belonged to the cavalry said: "Nigguh, you all ought to belong to de cavalry, and ride a horse so that when de

order comes to charge, you can do some charge!" "Yes," replied the other negro, "but they don't always come charge; sometimes they says retreat, and when they says retreat, I don't aim to be bothered with no fuss."

Member of Local Board to negro, "Have you any reason or excuse for not going to the army to fight?"

Negro, "Naw, I'm just shy."

GREETINGS.

A negro soldier, desiring a pass, asked the Lieutenant in the orderly line and going in, saluted him.

"Sah, can I have a pass to Little Rock tonight?"

Before the Lieutenant could answer, the top Sergeant put in.

"Say, don't you know enough to speak to your top Sergeant before you address the Lieutenant?"

The soldier turned around to the top with, "Good mornin' Sergeant!"

White Officer (to colored man):—"What is that soldier's designation, private or private first-class?"

Colored Non-Com (to officer):—"Does you mean his name, sah, or what I think he is?"

A SEPARATE PLACE.

The — Depot Brigade of a certain training camp has grumbled continually at the inactivity which has been its lot all winter. Recently an officer from the organization was asked when he expected to go across.

"We aren't going," he answered, sheepishly, "the Depot Brigade has declared a separate peace."

A negro soldier was a witness in a case where an M.-P. shot an escaping soldier at Main and Marlham, Little Rock, Ark. The question was asked him, "How many shots were fired?"

"One, Sir," he answered. The lawyer conducting the circumlocution asked the witness how many bullets he heard.

Witness: "Two, Sir." Lawyer: "Well, if you only heard one shot, how could you hear two bullets? Answer that question."

Witness: "Yes, Sir, I heard one shot and one bullet as it passed me, and I heard the bullet again as I passed it."

Lawyer: "Did you run fast?" Witness: "Then, I ran so fast that when I turned the corner I scooped dust into my blouse pocket."

Lawyer: "Did there was a second shot fired two minutes after the first. Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

Witness: "Boss, I was just pulling out of Levy, en route to Camp Pike."

Lawyer: "How long did it take you to make Camp Pike?" Witness: "I thought it would take me ten minutes, but I made it in five."

OUR BITCH IN HELL.

I'm sitting here thinking of the things I left behind.

And I hate to put on paper what is running through my mind. We've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground.

But a measure place this side of Hell, I know it can't be found. But there is still one consolation, rather clearly while I tell.

When we die we are bound for Heaven, for we've done our bitch in Hell.

We built a hundred hibernas for the rocks to show our horns. We've stood a hundred guard mounts, and cleared the Camp latrine.

We washed a million more bits and peeled a million spuds. We strapped a million blanket rolls and washed a million duds.

The number of parades we've made, it's very hard to tell. But we'll not parade in Heaven, for we've done our bitch in Hell.

We've killed a million rattlesnakes, but tried to take our rats. And shook a hundred mosquitoes from out our Army socks.

We've marched a million miles and made a thousand camps. And pulled a million cactus plants from the bosom of our pants.

And when our work on earth is done, our friends behind will tell.

When they died, they went to Heaven, for they'd done their bitch in Hell.

When the final bug is sounded and we lay aside our arms. And we do the very last parade, right up the golden stairs:

When the angels bid us welcome and the horns begin to play. While we draw a million cactus cheeks and spread them in a day—

It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell "Just take a good seat, Mister, for you've done your bitch in Hell."

—Sergeant C. C. Fleming.

"THE FLYING FORTY-FIFTH."

Since joining this great army,
We boys have had a time;
We never have any money,
Our "roll" is usually a dime.
We have lived in tents and made barns,
And moved from place to place,
Often wishing we were on the lawn,
Near Sally, Nell or Grace.
Oh! we soon got so used to moving
That it became great fun
To pack our beds, while sleeping,
And then start on a run.
The place where we were going,
And how long we would there remain
Was a matter for foolish thinking;
In fact, would make you insane,
From make-barns into barracks
And then into Army tents
We took our rifles and bed packs
And express our sentiments.
Then start out for some daisy place
And end up somewhere else.
On the start we were a happy crew,
With arrival, care would commence,
We'd maybe lose our horses,
Or our coats, our shoes or hat;
But the story about the officers
Saved us worry over that.
We were drilled, correctly so, our faculty or kin and kith.
We'd get the word and off we'd go—
"The Flying Forty-Fifth."

—By Sergeant E. J. Newspaper.

THE ARMY THAT STAYED BEHIND

You can talk about the heroes
Who fought like hell in France;
Who never thought of tomorrow,
Made the Hun do the latest dance.

There were Tommies from over the Channel,
And Belgians from over the Sea,
There were Poles, whose rights were in peril
And Yanks from the land of the free.

They said their lot as one nation,
Democracy to protect,
And all little knew what sensation
His foolish acts would meet.

But there is another army to mention,
Whose work is unpraised and unseen,
And I'd like to bring to your attention
What they have really done.

The boys who never saw service
In the land far over the sea;
But were ready before the armistice
Gave rest to the tired leg.

This army that never went over
Consisted of all branches, you see—
For instance, the Medical worker
Who can make an "A" man out of a "C."

And the Q.M., with the duty so varied,
From gun-parkers to truck drivers—alike
And infantrymen, who have carried
A gun from early morning till night.

Now all of the men in this army
Have not the slightest regret
They've backed and loaded Uncle Sam's
And worked like the devil—you bet.

—Sgt. E. J. Newspaper.

(We Endorse This Transmitter)

HEADQUARTERS, THE WHOLE WORLD.
All the Time.

General Opinion
Of the World.

From: C. O. of the Civilian World.

To: Commanding Officer of Hell,
(Through the English Channel).

Subject: Transmitter.

1. In compliance with the wish of the whole world and millions of people, Kaiser Wilhelm is heavily relieved of his present Command and will proceed to Hell. Upon his arrival he will expect to be devilled for day.

2. The travel directed is necessary in the Military Service.

1st—End.

Headquarters Across the Rhine, Same Time—To C. O. of Hell:

1. Forwarded.
2. The above departed as above stated.

Hindenburg, Next in Command.
Supply Officer.

2nd—End.

Headquarters of Hell—To C. O. Across the Rhine, Over There,
The Day After.

1. Returned.
2. The above reported in due time.
2. There being no quarters available here at present, request information as to disposition of above.
4. The above entrusts the present Commanding Officer and requests that he be put in Command.

THE DEVIL.
Commanding Officer.

INTERVIEW

There are thousands of men in the U. S. A.

Who did not volunteer.

And plenty more will be going over

Who'd just as leave stay here.

The most unfortunate man today

Is the fellow who came to the front

And offered his all at his country's call

And was ready to bear the brunt—

But was cast aside and assigned elsewhere,

To replacements or Depot Brigade,

And there to remain till he gets home

And he waited in vain for aid;

For his longest-for chance to go to France

Does not materialize,

He storms and he frets but he never gets

His chance like the other guys.

He writes in despair to his friends over there

That he'd give ten years of his life

If he could get in it for only a minute,

To try out his luck in the strife.

Now last year they told him that they had to hold him

On this side with other good men

To train new recruits in making salutes,

Yet again and again and again.

Now the end of the fight is almost in sight,

He's as far from the front as at first;

Is it any great wonder he thinks it a blunder

And his services cannot be dispersed?

For now it would seem that his fondest dream—

To fight for the U. S. A.

Will never arrive, although he may strive,

And hope against hope for the day.

The unlucky ones in this great world war

Are not the men who are killed,

Nor the wounded ones, for they either are home,

No matter what blood they have spilled.

The most unfortunate man today

Is the man who jumped at the chance

To fight like Hell from the top of the hill—

But who'll never see service in France.

SHOWING YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN A FORD SEDAN
WILL TAKE A NOTION TO LAY DOWN

ONE upon a time a little Ford Sedan was rolling along the road between Little Rock and Camp Pike, rolling along in the word, about thirty-five miles an hour. On rounding a curve about two miles from Camp the little Sedan must have been tired, because it evidently decided to turn over and run on its back for a while. It turned over all right, but some way or another, no wheels were on the top, as should have been, according to the Lieutenant who was driving. It made pretty good time, even without being on wheels, and when it at last came to a halt things were in kind of a deplorable condition. The first thing the Lieutenant knew two men had him by the shoulders, pulling him out of one of the broken windows. After turning the Sedan onto its regular wheels, it was ready to go on again. The engine ran just as sweetly as ever, and the only damage noticeable was a busted-up top, three pieces of glass gone and a damaged fender. The Lieutenant says that it might not make any difference to a Ford, but this turning over business is hard on his nerves and body. Never again!



